

ANOTHER BOSTON TEA PARTY REVOLUTION— THIS HAPPENED AT "HOME SWEET HOME"

The revolution that followed the Boston tea party was repeated on a miniature scale in the home of Harry Huck, 6033 South State street, on July 19, and the details came to light in Judge Uhlir's court.

Mrs. Huck had a very slight scratch on her forehead, also another on her arm. Harry Huck had a little mark on his face and a smaller one on his arm. Those were the battle scars.

"I asked him to bring me a half a pound of tea, your honor, and he never brought it. He told me I could do without tea, and I said I would send one of the children to the store, and then he called me a lot of vile names, and he hit me on the head and hurt me on the arm, and he threw me out of the house, and locked the door on me, and tore all my clothes up, and I got the clothes right here in this suitcase—this was a princess slip that I made myself and he didn't like it because it was fancy and my friends—"

The prosecuting attorney stopped the flow of rhetoric. "You needn't take all those clothes out," he said.

"Your husband called you those names and hit you, did he?" Judge Uhlir asked.

"Yes, sir, and he called me vile names, and he hit me on the head and he threw me out—"

"What have you got to say about this?" the judge asked Harry.

"Why, judge," Harry smiled confidently. "You see, it was this way. I don't care for tea myself. I drink coffee. I drive a tea and coffee wagon. So she says to me, 'Did you get me the tea?' and I says 'You didn't say you wanted any tea,' and she says, 'You go out and get me some,' and I says 'I can get you half a pound from where I work cheaper than you can get a quarter pound at the store.' Then she picked up a cup

and threw it at me, and it cut me there. Then she threw another cup and—"

"Where were you all this time and what were you doing?" asked the prosecutor.

"Just sitting at the table—and the other cup cut me here on the arm and when she had threw all the cups and broken them"—Harry was still smiling confidently—"she picked up the frying pan, and just as she was about to throw that, I put up my hands to prevent her hitting me and she lost her grip on the frying pan. Then she picked up a big stick—and then she went out the kitchen door and I locked it after her."

"Did you say the dreadful things she says you did?" asked the judge.

Harry still smiled. "I really don't know what I said. When she threw the cup I got angry and I may have said rough things, but if I did, she was doing it, too."

"I been working for three months to get my children clothes," Mrs. Harry explained. "He won't give me money enough to clothe my children."

"She's got credit at the store and I pay the bills," Harry still smiled. "She wouldn't save any money so I took the money from her and I got over \$100 saved in a few months."

"But you're not clothing your children," the judge interrupted. "I don't believe in this bank account business. Let the woman have the money to buy the things with herself. What's the use of saving it if your children haven't clothing and your wife has to work. You better take her home and let her handle the money."

It was finally ordered that Harry should pay his wife \$10 a week to run the house while he paid the rent.

Harry's lawyer was downcast. "It won't work," he prophesized. "She's Irish and he's Dutch."